The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

VOL. I. (New Series.) NO. 11. NOVEMBER, 1903. PRICE, ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
1.	"Dieu le Veult!" Sonnet. Dorothea Hollins	163
2.	Thanksgiving. Sermon. Rev. H. Gow, B.A.	163
3.	A Note on Meredith's "Beauchamp's Career"	166
4.	World Strangeness. Poem. William Watson	169
5.	Travel Impressions. Illustrated. By the Editor	170
6.	Notes and Jottings	172
7.	Guild News	173
8.	The Importance of the Person of Christ. Edmund F. Grundy	175
9.	The Form of Public Worship. Rev. E. W. Lummis	176
10.	News from the Field	178

"Dieu le Veult!"

(MACEDONIA, SEPTEMBER, 1903).

O for a second Milton, with his roll
Of thunderous organ-music, or the brows
God-lit, of Peter Hermit, to arouse
The nations from their lethargy of soul!
On God alone did Milton call; the dole
Of His saints slain amidst their Alpine snows
He would avenge, nor leave unmark'd their woes.
The warrior-anchorite's far-beckoning goal
Fired the hearts of king and churl and lord;
Not God alone to right the wrong was nigh;
His instruments, they fought; but *now*, no sword
Divine or human, we unsheath; our cry
Is "Each for self." Hark, Europe! shall the word
Of "*Dieu le veult*" ring forth, nor rouse reply?

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

Luther had this passage in his last will and testament: "Lord God, I thank Thee, for that Thou hast been pleased to make me a poor and indigent man upon earth. I have neither house, nor land, nor money to leave behind me. Thou hast given me wife and children, whom I now restore to Thee. Lord, nourish, teach, and preserve them, as Thou hast me."

Thanksgiving.

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."—Job i., 21.

This is the season of Harvest Thanksgivings; but if thanksgiving is to be confined to a glad recognition of a rich abundance, if we are to be guided by the special results of a particular year, then this year assuredly in many parts of our land there would be no harvest thanksgiving. Such abstention would show a very narrow and a very selfish view of what thanksgiving means. In a harvest thanksgiving service we thank God for the great permanent laws which govern this material universe: it is through Him that there comes to pass the miracle of life and death; through Him the seed hidden in the earth sends forth shoots and bears fruit, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred-fold. We ought not to thank God only when it bears a hundred-fold.

In a particular place and year for particular men the results will vary: there will not be abundance always and in every place. Sometimes there will be failure, and it will not always be failure due to human fault. Wind and rain and cold may destroy the best laid plans, and bring to naught the results of hard and faithful work. Good work does not always produce immediate manifest results. Sometimes, with favouring conditions, there is a

rich and fruitful harvest; sometimes, although we have not failed in energy, in knowledge, or in constant faithfulness, there seems little or nothing to show for all our labour. I do not say that this strange uncertainty can be explained. And yet suppose the world were of the sort that a man who complains of this uncertainty would like; suppose all effort met immediately with its adequate material reward. If we were paid in corn or money or praise down to the very last farthing, just exactly what we earned, if the good man was never despised, if the true man never suffered, if the wise man always succeeded, the world would indeed be a very simple arrangement; but I can hardly believe it would be so good a school, so searching a discipline, as the hard confusing, troubled world in which we are living now. If wisdom and energy and goodness were inevitably certain to succeed, if the true hero were always honoured, and the true saint always rewarded, then goodness and heroism and saintliness would be forms of self-interest. A man would be a fool not to be a saint or a hero. Goodness for its own sake, love of humanity, love of truth "in scorn of consequences" would be impossible. If there were no storms, no sudden shocks of circumstance, no possible disappointments for the good farmer or the good merchant, or the good teacher or the good reformer, if each man received exactly from the world and in the world all that he deserved, would it make men and women better and happier? I think it would tend to make goodness and truth and love merely selfish things. A man first learns what goodness and truth and love are really worth when the world pays him nothing for them, when he is left alone with them unregarded, and has to find his satisfaction in them. We may not be able to explain many of the strange, sad incidents of life: we may vainly ask what good to us or others this failure or that sorrow brought. We may deplore waste of energy and loss of happinness or power. There is no short and easy explanation of such things. But I think we can be confident that a world in which there were no storms nor accidents nor pain, no apparent inconsistencies between service and reward, a world in which payments were exactly apportioned to deserts, would be a world less full of tragic power and beauty, and less helpful in discipline than that in which we live. During our life on earth we do not want a world on those nice commercial lines.

There is an evident tendency that makes for righteousness, but this does not mean that the righteous man will always live long and get much wealth. There is a tendency to fruitfulness in the vegetable world, but this does not mean that the wise and energetic farmer will always see a large crop as the result of all his toil. The great laws of the world make for fruitfulness, for happiness, for life, for love. We must not be offended or indignant because there is some uncertainty and mystery and hardness too.

No doubt it will be urged that goodness, although it does not receive a material reward, does receive with absolute certainty a spiritual reward. No storms, no accidents, no grief can interfere with these. Peace of mind, a good conscience, a sense of security, these are the real rewards of goodness, and these the good man feels are enough.

I do not like to speak of these things as rewards; so far as they are inevitable they are simply essential elements of goodness. But it is by no means clear that peace of mind and a good conscience are always found in the best men. Of course they would be in the perfect man. But the best men whom we know feel their imperfections, their weakness, and the infinite claims of duty more sadly and more painfully than others. All that can be said with certainty, I think, is that the man who truly loves goodness will learn to love it more and more, will feel its beauty and its worth with increasing power, and will realise ever more fully that there is nothing else in life or death which really matters.

To be thankful, then, is not to wait for special mercies or for special happiness, not to be offended by troubles or by loss, but to accept the universe of matter and of spirit with courageous hope and energy, to see in it a great school of character, a call to fight for truth and purity, a place in which to exercise patience and trust and love. Of course we are rightly happy and thankful for special mercies. If someone whom we love recovers from a dangerous disease, or is saved from an impending catastrophe, if a great awakening friendship comes into our lives, if new opportunities are given to us, it is natural and right that our hearts should be full of gratitude. And in the more common ordinary ways of life it is good

thankfully to recognise our mercies. When we return well and strong and hopeful from a restful change and come back into the old home surroundings, the familiar faces, even the familiar books and furniture, when we settle down again to our daily work with fresh energy and courage, it is good to offer up a little prayer of thanksgiving for this common life of ours, for its precious opportunities, and to ask God's help that we may recognise and use them to the full. It must strike us sometimes as strange that there is no definite thanksgiving in the Lord's Prayer, no expression of fervent gratitude. But we shall find the thanksgiving spirit is implied in such a prayer as "Give us this day our daily bread." Those words express a childlike and immediate dependence upon God for food and raiment and all portions of our life. It is the opposite of the spirit which accepts things as its right, which is proud of its achievements, and regards all comforts and pleasures as gained by its own unaided efforts. It is the opposite of the man who looks round with contented pride on his possessions and says to himself, "All these things are mine; my wisdom and my energy have gained them all." That prayer "Give us this day our daily bread" means that a man feels he is dependent upon God for everything, it means that he sees in the most ordinary events and in the most universal laws the working of a Father's love.

After all, true gratitude is not so much a self-conscious outpouring of wordy thanks as it is a spirit of joy and love and trust. If we make a child a present we don't want much self-conscious thanks. The result that we desire is to see the eyes sparkle and the cheeks flush with happiness, to watch the fresh, keen interest, the pure delight in what is given, the awakened energy and life. Joy is the first natural and right response to any little human gift of ours; part of the gratitude is shown us in the joy: the child's happiness thanks us without words. And then the next result for which we look is love and trust. We want to feel that the child sees our love in the gift, and that his love responds to ours. We want to feel that he looks to us as caring for him, and that he leans in perfect confidence upon our love. That inward response of love and trust is what we want, not many outward expressions of gratitude and praise. It is this spirit which we find in the Lord's Prayer, a childlike trust and love. We take God's gifts often so joylessly; sunshine and shower, the wonder and the beauty of this great universe, powers of body and mind, friendship, love of parents and children, of brothers and sisters, how good it all is, how far-reaching in its issues, how full of opportunities, and yet we walk often so anxiously and fearfully, amid these many blessings we are so dull and heavy, oppressed with burdens which God has not laid upon us, frightened by possibilities which are only selfish fancies.

The chief part of gratitude for love and happiness is to be loving and happy, to respond to the gifts of God in the spirit of a pure and trustful child. It is this spirit of sweet submissive trust, of unanxious confidence, which is thankfulness in the presence of the unexplained inevitable sorrows and trials which come to all of us in turn. Whatever happens God is, and He is Love. There is no harm that can come to us or those we love. That spirit is the fruit of religion and religion alone. We see it in the relationship of Jesus with his Father, and of all the pure, loving, trustful souls throughout the ages. They are not only happy and thankful when their lives are rich and bright and strong: they have a home in God which no storms, no accidents, can destroy; their faith is built upon a rock. In the darkest hours the worth of love and goodness shine out with clearest light. They have a peace not given by the world, which the world cannot take away from them. They can say with Job, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

HENRY GOW.

The Seed Sower.

By post, 1/6 per annum.

Special terms for churches taking 50 copies and above.

The *Seed Sower* is admirably adapted for localising, and facilities are provided for that purpose. The circulation is already larger than that of any other magazine or journal published to meet the wants of our Free Churches. It gives a larger amount of matter, and every increase in circulation will be used to secure increased efficiency.

All business communications should be addressed to—

MR. ARNOLD WOOD,
WHITEHALL CHAMBERS, COLMORE ROW,
BIRMINGHAM.

A Note on Meredith's "Beauchamp's Career."

"Beauchamp's Career" was published in 1876, seventeen years later than "Richard Feveril," its immediate predecessor being "Harry Richmond" in 1871. "The Egoist" in 1879 was its immediate successor, except for some short stories and the lectures on the "Idea of Comedy." Meredith's first publication was a poem in 1849, called "Chillianwallah," so that he has now been writing for more than 50 years.

A novel may excel in very various ways. It may simply be a splendid story with thrilling adventures and intricate plot. The novels of Dumas, the great novel of Chas. Reade—"The Cloister and the Hearth," and the stories of R. L. Stevenson are examples of this type. It may be a love story, with good sweet women and brave men and a happy ending after just enough difficulties. Or it may be the novel with a purpose, the novel which tries to convey some moral or political lesson through the medium of fiction. But no doubt the most general aim in novel writing is the delineation of human nature. This divides into various branches. It may be mainly the delineation of manners and outward life as in Miss Austen and Walter Scott. It may be the delineation of a soul as with Miss Brontë or Hawthorne. It may be the delineation of minds and of mental development as with George Eliot and with Meredith. And, lastly, there is the novel you read not for its plot interest, or its characters, or its fidelity in describing manners, but for its sporadic brilliancy, its flashes of wit, its isolated sayings. All these elements are variously intermingled in different writers. In Meredith the delineation of character, seen in the light of what he calls "the Comic Spirit," is the main element, but united with this are many witty epigrams which are undoubtedly part of the attraction felt for him by many readers.

In "Beauchamp's Career" we come across endless examples of these epigrams for which Mr. Meredith is famous. "Convictions," says Dr. Shrapnel, "are generally first impressions that are sealed with later prejudices." "No man," he says again, "ever did brave work who held counsel with his family. The family view of a man's fit conduct is the weak point of this country. It is no other view than 'Better thy condition for our sakes.' The family view is everlastingly the shopkeepers'. Dare do *that* and you forfeit your share of port wine in this world; you won't be dubbed with a title; you'll be fingered at."

"The future not being born, my friend," says Roland, "we will abstain from baptising it." Mr. Stukely Culbrett is described as "one of those happy men who enjoy perceptions without opinions, and are not born to administer comfort to other than themselves."

The plot of "Beauchamp's Career" is not exciting. We do not read it for the story. It is the life of a young naval officer, nephew and heir to a rich, lazy landowner. We see him first challenging by letter all the officers of the French Guard because they have spoken ill of England. There is a striking description of a frightened and anxious, defenceless England, which is not without significance to-day. "We were in fact as naked to the imperial foe as the merely painted Britons. Then ensued a curious exhibition which would be termed in simple language writing to the newspapers; in reality it was the deliberate saddling of an ancient nightmare of invasion, putting the postillion on her and trotting her along the high road with a winding horn to rouse old Panic. She turned in her bed at first like the sluggard of the venerable hymnist, but once fairly awakened she directed a stare towards the terrific foreign contortionists and became in an instant all stormy nightcap and fingers starving for the bell-rope. Then, lest she should have been taken too seriously, the Press, which had kindled, proceeded to extinguish her with the formidable engine called leading articles. It turned out we had ships ready for launching and certain regiments coming home from India; hedges we had, and a spirited body of yeomanry, and we had pluck and patriotism, the father and mother of volunteers innumerable. So then Panic or what remained of her was put to bed again. The opposition retired into its kennel growling."

And then Meredith speaks in his own person as very rarely. "I give you the position of the country undisturbed by any moralizings of mine. The youth I introduce to you will rarely let us escape from it, for the reason that he was born with so extreme and passionate a love for his

country that he thought all things else of mean importance in comparison. This day, this life, this hour, and even politics, the centre and throbbing heart of it must be treated of; men and the ideas of men which are,—it is policy to be emphatic upon truisms— are *actually* the *motives* of men in a greater degree than their appetites; these are my theme, and may it be my fortune to keep them at blood heat and myself calm as a statue of Memnon in prostrate Egypt. He there, waiting for the sunlight: I here, and readier to be musical than you think. I can at any rate be impartial."

Nevil Beauchamp is a kind of Shelley in his impracticable idealism, but more manly and less poetical. He is a bright young lover of England, a naval officer of an old family, full of passionate ideals, and capable of high unswerving devotion to men, women and principles. He is a true loyal friend, who does not ask his friends what he is to believe or to do. There is nothing morbid, sentimental, melancholy about him. He is as manly and breezy as the most barbaric of aristocrats, who, according to Matthew Arnold, keep this beautiful health and dignity because they never read or think. Beauchamp, like Shelley, is a born aristocrat with the tastes of his class, but with an ideal love of the people and a wild democratic enthusiasm, which beats vainly against the sturdy aristocratic prejudices, moveless, dignified, honourable (but incapable of great enthusiasm), amidst which he lives. This contest between bright, eager idealism and the dense conservatism of tradition is the theme, and Meredith tells the story with pitiless impartiality.

Beauchamp is the nephew and heir of the Hon. Everard Romfrey, a man saturated with the traditions and living in the best atmosphere of the English nobility. "A savour of North Sea foam and ballad pirates hangs about the early chronicles of the family. Indications of an ancestry that had lived between the wave and the cloud were discernible in their notions of right and wrong. The Romfreys did not breed warriors for a parade at court. They may have felt that they were bound in no common degree to the pursuit of an answer to what may be called the parent question of humanity, 'Am I thy master or thou mine?'"

"A family passion for land that survives a generation is as effective as genius in producing the object it conceives; and through marriages and conflicts, the seizure of land and brides bearing land, these sharp-feeding, eagle-eyed Earls of Romfrey, spied few spots within their top-tower's wide circle not their own. Strength is the brute form of truth. No conspicuously great man was born of the Romfreys. They were renowned shots, long-limbed stalking sportsmen in field or bower, fast friends, intemperate enemies, handsome to feminine eyes, mostly of the northern colour, with an hereditary nose and mouth that cried Romfrey from faces thrice diluted in cousinship."

Everard Romfrey (third son of an earl) was in person "a noticeable gentleman, in mind a medieval baron, in politics a crotchety, unintelligible Whig. To his mind the game laws were the corner-stone of law and of a man's right to hold his own; and so delicately did he think the country poised that an attack on them threatened the structure of Justice. The three conjoined estates were therefore his head gamekeepers; their duty was to back him against the poacher if they would not see the country tumble." It was into such an atmosphere that Beauchamp was born, a bright, chivalrous, eager boy. He is sent into the navy and does well there. He is cheerful and loyal, and accepts his work without complaint and without morbid melancholy, but he "really disliked war and the sword, and his forlorn efforts to make himself understood were like the tappings of the stick of a blind man mystified by his sense of touch at wrong corners. His bewilderment and speechlessness were a comic display, tragic to him." As his uncle had predicted, he came home from his first voyage a pleasant sailor lad. "His features, more than handsome to a woman, so mobile they were, shone of sea and spirit, the chance lights of the sea and the spirit breathing out of it." He is a midshipman, and then we see him fighting with a naval contingent in the Crimea. He fights well and wins high commendation, but he writes requesting his uncle not to ask him for a spark of enthusiasm. "He despised our Moslem allies, and thought with pity of the miserable herds of men in regiments marching across the steppes at the bidding of a despot that we were helping to popularise." He defends the "man who dared to speak out against

the war—'that infamous miauling cotton-spinner, that traitorous George Fox'—as the one heroical Englishman of the day. He appears to me the only public man who looks to the state of the poor—I mean their interests." This to a man like Everard Romfrey, a high-minded English gentleman, absolutely impervious to argument, steeped in the traditions of his class, and who as he reads can only exclaim, "you jackass!" Nevil's next attempt to make the ideal prevail is in fighting against the French marriage customs. He is wounded in the Crimea, and is cared for by a young Frenchman, Roland, whose life he had saved. They go together to Venice, where Roland's father and sister meet them. Renée helps to nurse Nevil back to health, and they fall in love with one another. She is betrothed to an elderly marquis in accordance with the ways of her country. "In India they sacrifice the widows, in France the virgins." Nevil fights to the last against her decision. His mind was "far-shooting, tough, persistent, and, when acted on by the spell of devotion, indomitable;" and he will not give her up. But Renée was obedience personified, like a rightly-educated French girl. Honour, tradition, religion, everything bade her keep to her engagement with an elderly French marquis she did not love. The custom seems ridiculous, even wicked—almost as ridiculous and wicked as the custom of war—but Nevil's idealism dashes itself in vain against the customs of a race and the fixity of a young girl's superstitions. Renée loves and trusts and admires him; he is also her brother's dearest friend, but she will not break her promise and outrage the traditions of her country.

The next scene is Nevil as Radical candidate in the town nearest his uncle's country seat. He is Commander Beauchamp now. He had been chasing slavers in one of Her Majesty's ships and afterwards cruising in the Mediterranean. Now he is a Radical candidate, and under the influence of a revolutionary philosopher, Dr. Shrapnel. "The address was ultra-radical—museums to be opened on Sundays; ominous references to the land question; no smooth passing mention of reform such as the Liberal become stately adopts in speaking of that property of his, but swinging blows on the head of many a denounced iniquity." His friends all laugh or grin or grow angry. His conduct seems to them wildly ridiculous. It is dangerous work flying in the face of the prejudices of the fine old gentleman, his uncle, but Nevil never thinks of it, much less hesitates. Dr. Shrapnel lacks all outward charm. He is long, lank, careless of appearance, a man living in and for ideas, speaking lengthily and incoherently in season and out of season, in deadly earnest, a gentleman at heart, but with no anxiety to draw attention to it. There is a clever, truthful description of an election in a country town, very different from Dickens' farcical description of the Eatonswell election. The most trying thing for an Idealist is to discover the sordid sides of his own party. "Politics, Commander Beauchamp," says Timothy Turbot, the Liberal journalist, "politics involves the doing of lots of disagreeable things to ourselves and our relations. I'm a soldier of the great campaign, and who knows it better than I, sir? It's climbing the greasy pole for the leg of mutton that makes the mother's heart ache for the jacket and the nether garments she mended neatly, if she didn't make them. Mutton or no mutton, there's grease for certain." Mr. Timothy was a Liberal orator, who felt for his art as the poets do for their's, and considered what was best adapted to speaking. "Let Liberalism be your feast, Radicalism your spice. Delicious and rapturous effects are to be produced in the flow of a Liberal oration by a choice infusion of the fierce spirit, a flavour of Radicalism." The strong, practical, common-sense Tory is brought before us in Mr. Blackburn Tuckham. "I call property funded good sense. I would give it every privilege. If we are to speak of patriotism, I say the possession of property guarantees it. Our wealth is countless, fabulous. It may well inspire veneration, and we have won it with our hands, thanks (he implied it so) to our religion. A safe percentage on savings is the basis of civilisation." This Mr. Tuckham is not without romance, and he knows his own mind—a sound, strong man of the world and man of honour. "He was a gentleman, uncourtly if not uncouth, and so unskilled in pleasing the sight and hearing of ladies as to treat them like junior comrades, but the sight of Cecilia Halkett had raised the vow within him, 'You, or no woman!'"

Mr. Romfrey, Nevil's uncle, wishes him to

marry Cecilia, who is an heiress and beautiful. In her was offered to him "Everything the world could offer of cultivated beauty, intelligence, and attractiveness." "Wilt thou," said the winged moment. "Peace, a good report in the mouths of men, home and a trustworthy woman for mate, an ideal English lady, the rarest growth of our country, and friends and fair esteem were offered."

She had known Nevil from a child, had always admired him, and now in spite of his politics she loved him. In him the old subduing power of Renée was dormant, almost dead, and he felt Cecilia's charm of character and beauty. She had the prejudices of her class, but she loved him and had intellect and sympathy. That situation in some novelists would lead to wild sentimental scenes, to balancing of principle against passion, of love for country against love for woman. There are no thrilling scenes, no agonies, no sentimental posturings in Meredith. Nevil loses Cecilia by his blind enthusiasms, although he loves her and she loves him, and he loses her by a hair's-breadth as it were. We cannot reconcile ourselves to the loss; at least we should like some tears dropped on it, but we are hurried on inexorably to the end. Cecilia marries Mr. Blackburn Tuckham and is happy, and Nevil marries Jenny Denham, Dr. Shrapnel's ward, and is happy too. What we enjoy in a book is to see the man whom we admire succeed. He may have many difficulties but we like him to succeed at last. The next thing to success is a splendid failure, a tragedy which purifies by love and pity. But Beauchamp's life and death are not a great success or a splendid failure. If we could say what a wicked world it is, what villainy predominates, how the good man is misunderstood, that would be some comfort. But Meredith is impartial and pitiless; he is not afraid to dwell on the best in the practical conservatives who hinder his hero and bring him failure.

Nevil, soon after his marriage, is drowned in saving a small boy and we feel this, not as an unexpected outrage, but as a kind of illustration or summary of the whole of his work. He loses himself in doing very little, but he does it with courage and cheerfulness, and in what he does, after all, small as it looks, is a child's life. The result of Nevil's courage, confidence and idealism, is typified in the last scene.

"My lord, my lord," sobbed the woman and dropped on her knees. "What's this?" the earl said, drawing his hand away from the woman's clutch of it.

"She's the mother, my lord," several explained to him. "It's the boy Commander Beauchamp drowned to save" said a man. All the lights of the ring were turned on the head of the boy. Dr. Shrapnel's eyes and Lord Romfrey's fell on the abashed little creature. The boy struck out both arms to get his fists against his eyelids.

This is what we have in exchange for Beauchamp! It was not uttered, but it was visible in the blank stare at one another of the two men who loved Beauchamp, after they had examined the insignificant bit of mudbank life remaining in this world in the place of him.

World Strangeness.

Strange the world about me lies,
Never yet familiar grown—
Still disturbs me with surprise,
Haunts me like a face half known.

In this house with starry dome,
Floored with gemlike plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease?

On from room to room I stray,
Yet my Host can ne'er espy,
And I know not to this day
Whether guest or captive I.

So, between the starry dome
And the floor of plains and seas,
I have never felt at home,
Never wholly been at ease.

—William Watson.

Let us be immeasurably glad there are days that speak, so full they are of wonder and delight, nights whose majestic beauty conquers our imagination with the sense of infinite things, men and women who speak with the authority of sincerity and personal conviction and a fresh interpretation of God's ways, books that contain the life-blood of these master spirits. Can we subject our spirits to the plastic stress of such as these and not be moulded into some nearer likeness to those ideals of manhood and womanhood to which, whatever be the cost, we must somehow attain?
—John W. Chadwick.

Travel Impressions.

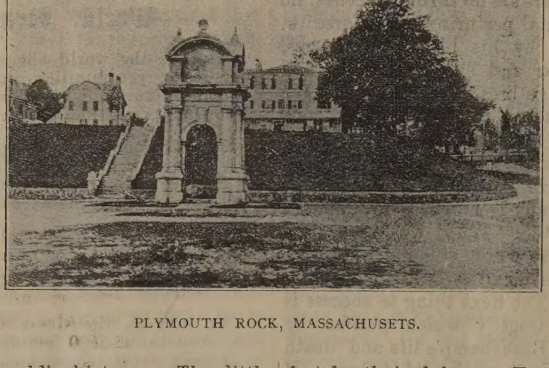
By the Editor.

III.

PLYMOUTH.

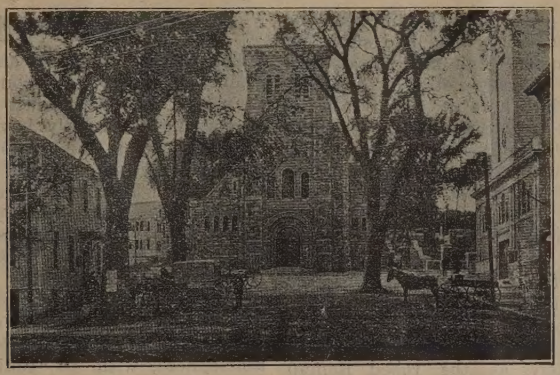
There was a rock at Bethel very sacred to the Jews—the stone which marked the place where Jacob had his vision of angels. There is a rock at Mecca, and the most important event in a good Mohammedan's life is the pilgrimage thereto. The world indeed has many sacred stones, but it may be questioned whether any other has the measure of fascinating interest to be found in the Plymouth Rock, Massachusets. Here the feet of the Pilgrim Fathers first touched the shores of the land they were destined to make so famous and important in the world's history. The little shallop that put off from the "Mayflower," seeking for a convenient landing, found a great boulder protruding from the sand. Oval in form and flat at the top, it seemed the very place for landing, as from its top they could spring to the shore dry-shod. The shallop steered to its side; the company stepped upon the Rock, and, immediately kneeling down, gave thanks to God for leading them to a new home. Although the sea has receded from its former boundaries, the Rock is still there, and is now covered by a canopy and carefully enclosed. It was impossible to stand upon it without a thrill, for it means almost as much to Englishmen as to Americans. A new country, a new freedom, a new civilisation there began.

We were fortunate in seeing Plymouth under the guidance of Mr. Cuckson, the respected minister of its Parish Church—the Church of the Pilgrim Fathers. It was in 1620 the landing was made, and the church covenant, previously signed by all the pilgrims, was so simple, devout, and liberal in its terms that it has continued to be and is still in force, although the church long since became Unitarian. The present building is a handsome structure, put up a few years ago at a cost of nearly £20,000, and it is only a few yards from the site of the original building. At first the pilgrims could afford no special church edifice. A few hundred yards from the sea-shore there rises a little hill, on which the settlers planted a fort for their defence. For two years the living church met in the fort for worship, and then came the first meeting-house, erected with what hopes and fears! The hill-top afterwards became the cemetery, and there we saw the graves of Governor Bradford, John Cotton, Thomas Clark, John Howland, and others,—for ever to be remembered names in American story.



PLYMOUTH ROCK, MASSACHUSETS.

Plymouth also has its Pilgrims' Hall, built by the generosity of a worthy citizen, where are carefully preserved the relics of the "Mayflower" and of the early Pilgrim life, books given by Pastor John Robinson to the little church, vessels used at the communion service, articles of furniture, a spinning wheel, a



THE CHURCH OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

cradle, etc., brought over on the "Mayflower," and many objects of interest once belonging to the Standish family—celebrated by Longfellow—the Winslows, the Aldens, etc.

Plymouth has further commemorated its founders by the erection of a great monument crowned by a gigantic figure of Faith—which the inhabitants proudly tell you is *two hundred times life-size.*

* * * * * *

Here, to our joy, we met Dr. Robert Collyer, who at four-score, with eye undimmed and natural force unabated, has solved the problem of keeping young. They call him the grand old man of American Unitarianism, but one might travel far to find a man so young in heart and mind and hope! With his snowy hair, great form, big genial heart, it was a benediction to sit at the table with him and listen to his wise, kindly, optimistic talk. No croaker he! but one who sings with Pippa—

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

IV.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

After a week of the bustle, heat, and excitements of Boston, it was a relief to get away to the quiet and coolness of the White Mountains, a delightful district of New Hampshire, and a favourite summer resort. New Englanders speak of the White Mountains as the Switzerland of America, and truly, if Switzerland had no ice peaks, passes, and glaciers, no lakes, no Matterhorns and Jungfraus, no Grindelwalds and Gornergrats, there might be some point in the comparison. In one respect only does the parallel hold good. The air of the White Mountains has the same exhilarating quality as the air of Switzerland's upper valleys. To breathe it is like drinking the wine of life. All things seem possible in that clear, sparkling atmosphere, and the dullest and most confirmed Pessimist finds that life takes on a more cheerful hue when all out-of-doors is quivering with vitality and inviting him to come forth and share the gladness of things. The White Mountains have attractions enough of their own without claiming to be as Switzerland. Imagine a plateau about 45 miles long by 30 broad, and 1600 feet above the sea. From this plateau rise two groups of mountains, of which the eastern is known as the White Mountains and the western as Franconia. The summits of the eastern group, some 20 in number, rise to 6000 feet, and are named after various prominent Presidents of the United States. We looked out from the balcony of our hotel on Mounts Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Washington. These mountains are divided by deep valleys, in which run numberless musical streams. The hill sides are covered with forests of pine and maple, while the golden-rod flourishes in every open space. It took the cobwebs out of the brain and the dinginess out of life to come into such close contact, day and night, with Nature in her large and noble moods.

We extracted a good deal of fun from the guide book to the district. One had supposed that the magniloquent "high-falutin" style of writing, once so characteristic of America, had disappeared, but here it is in all its native luxuriance. It begins by describing the railway route from Boston, and how the train "rushes through the long, dark, solemn tunnel, *not devoid of osculatory suggestions to travelling maidens.*" Later on the train reaches Andover, "the school of the prophets of the Old State Church of Massachusets, where the venerable halls of the Theological Seminary rise on a beautiful hill, surrounded by wide, grassy areas and long lines of tall trees, under which the divinity students of Congregationalism walk as gravely as the robed Roman scholars of the *De Propaganda Fide* do under the evergreen oaks of the Villa Borghese!" But as when we passed, these same divinity students were shouting themselves hoarse, mad with excitement, over a base-ball match, we failed to appreciate the gravity of the Villa Borghese! At Lake Lebago we are reminded that "Longfellow used the pen *which honoured the Rhine and the Arno*" to drink its waters. Think of that—"*honouring* the Rhine and Arno." But the mere suggestion of pen and ink afflicts our scribe with frantic eloquence. After reciting one of the numerous romantic stories which cluster round every group of mountains, he goes on:—"Devotion, betrayal, heroism, death—it needs but the pen of a Hawthorne or a Scott to make these lean outlines throb with bewitching life. *The adulatory ink* which treats of polite officials and gentlemanly landlords flows far too feebly to effect such transfigurations." "*Mobled Queen,*" we are assured, is good, but it is not equal to *adulatory ink.* The railroad itself, rising gradually to a height of 2000 feet, and winding about the hill-sides as it climbs, is "*one of the most daring thoughts which ever entered the mind of man.*" "The mountain-spirits smiled grimly at the bright little theodolites which were borne breathlessly up towards their fastnesses." Surely never was a simple feat of engineering more glowingly extolled. "One of the most daring thoughts," etc.; and one remembered Baalbec, and the Aqueducts of Rome, and the voyage of Columbus, and the Gothard Railway, and the Assouan Dam, to say nothing of "Hamlet," "The Divine Comedy," "The Ninth Symphony," and a few trifles of that kind, and wondered. J. W.

Notes and Jottings.

The Church Congress and the Autumn Assembly of the Congregational Union have both been held during the past month. An outside observer could hardly have a better illustration of the cross-currents of influence, and the contrasts of tendency and ideal, which make the religious life of England so difficult for the foreigner to understand. In the Church Assembly there is a stateliness and a feeling for ritual order which are wanting in the great Nonconformist gathering; while the proceedings of the latter have a militant tone, a sense of actuality, an emphasis and a verve, which are lacking almost entirely in the Anglican atmosphere, with its genius for silence and compromise and *laissez faire.*

The sermon of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Bristol, dealt in part, as it was almost bound to do, with the Education controversy. He spoke in a gentlemanly and pacific way, but without betraying any strong grasp of the difficulty or insight into the Nonconformist grievance. One sentence strikes us as particularly unfortunate, with its implied depreciation of the value of secular education. This is what he said: "The real purpose of the schools was the noblest and most important to which educational efforts could be applied—the formation of Christian character. They were keen about their schools, not primarily for the imparting of more technical knowledge—eagerly as they desired that." With the stress which is laid upon character in this statement there will be universal sympathy; but when it is implied that character can only be secured by Church training in the day schools, we are face to face with the terrible danger of sacrificing educational efficiency in the interests of a dogmatic system. If he is pushed to a logical extreme, this is evidently what the Archbishop and his friends are prepared to do.

As was to be expected, Dr. Horton's presidential address to the Congregational Union at Bournemouth was not lacking in vigour. After passing references to the Education question and to Macedonia, he passed on to his main theme, which proved to be the need of a missionary revival in the Church. It was full of evangelical fervour, and the sharp-cut sentences fell on sympathetic ears. "Only as the

banners move forward does the army remain in discipline; it can know nothing of barracks or of winter quarters. . . When Christianity ceases to be a message, a world-wide message, and becomes a system, a polity, it rapidly declines. . . . They had gone into barracks, they sang 'barrack-room ballads,' and suffered from all the nameless demoralisation that barracks always bred. Their army should be on the march, set on the conquest of the world. What was it doing?" Such was the burden of his stirring appeal.

It is greatly to be regretted that at the close of his address Dr. Horton allowed himself to be betrayed into some remarks about Biblical criticism, which were not only manifestly unfair, but also calculated to encourage the forces of ignorance and reaction. "We publish a Bible Encyclopædia," he said, "at immense labour and cost, which tends to show that we have no Bible, no Divine Redeemer, and no miraculous power to work. What is the use of it? If Van Mauer, like St. Paul, had been carrying the Gospel to the regions beyond, instead of showing that the Pauline Epistles were not written by Paul but by another man of the same name; if Sehmiedal had been preaching Christ to the Chinese, instead of showing that we have none of the Master's words to preach; if my friend, Professor Cheyne, had spent his life in demonstrating the miraculous power of the Gospel among the Hindoos, we should have missed that monument of their prodigious learning and industry, but they would have contributed to an encyclopædia of greater practical value. A few facts from the front, the shout of the King with the advancing host, are better evidence for Scripture, for Christ, and the Spirit's power than any other argument; and if the Church were better employed in that respect she would be able to smile far more serenely at the extravagances of criticism."

After making allowances for the rhetorical tone and the military metaphors of the statement we have just quoted, we are compelled to ask ourselves, What does it mean? To what purpose is the appeal made? Is Dr. Horton really anxious to close our theological schools and to discourage learning? Does he really believe that historical and critical questions can be solved by the inner consciousness of an untrained mind, or that the way to discover whether St. Paul wrote all the Epistles which have been ascribed to him is to burn our books and preach the Gospel to the Chinese? Probably he only wishes to refer to opinions which seem to him extreme. It has always been safe to suggest that another man's heresies must be the product of an unspiritual mind. The pity of it is that it takes us back to the Middle Ages, and puts new weapons of prejudice and denunciation into the hands of ignorant people. It is not in this way that the light conquers the darkness, or the preacher wins a hearing for the sweet reasonableness of the Gospel.

A word of hearty congratulation is due to the Editor on the appearance of the first number of the second volume of the *Hibbert Journal*. It is as rich and varied in its interest as usual. Even more remarkable than its large circulation is the way in which the *Journal* has given proof of the large number of men, trained in opposing schools and called by different names, who are converging upon a few spiritual conceptions as the common foundation of all religion. With the Editor's removal to Oxford, and the learned leisure of a college chair, we hope for even greater fruitfulness in his labours for liberal religion. Perhaps even Dr. Horton, in his calmer moments, will not be anxious to transport him to China.

[*Note:* In the last paragraph of the October "Notes and Jottings" the word *faction* appeared for *fraction*. The misprint gave an unfortunate meaning to the sentence which was not intended].

Guild News.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE GUILDS' UNION.

PRIZE ESSAY SCHEME.

October 1st, 1903.

In view of the desirability of promoting among the members of our Guilds study of the literature, movements and principles, bearing on the culture of the religious life, the development of religious thought, and the growth of our Free Churches, it is proposed to establish a system of Prize Essays on topics announced from time to time by the Guilds' Union Committee and competed for annually, or at other intervals, by members of Guilds affiliated to the Union. The second series of prizes will be awarded for essays sent in before March 31st, 1904. The Committee have selected the following subjects, either or all of which may be taken up by any member of a Guild in connection with the Union.

1. THE RELIGIOUS TEACHING OF DR. CHANNING AS SHOWN IN "THE PERFECT LIFE."

See "The Perfect Life" (Dr. W. E. Channing), price 1s. net. Can be obtained from Philip Green, Essex Hall, Strand, W.C.

2. DR. PRIESTLEY, HIS LIFE AND OPINIONS AS A CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

See "Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Priestley," cloth 1s., paper 6d. net; "A History of the Corruptions of Christianity" (Joseph Priestley), 2s. net; Rev. J. J. Tayler's "A Retrospect of the Religous Life of England," 7s. 6d., chapter v. These books may also be obtained from Philip Green, Essex Hall, Strand, W.C.

3. THE MINISTRY AND TEACHING OF JESUS CHRIST AS RELATED IN THE GOSPELS OF MATTHEW AND LUKE.

The work on this subject will be tested by examination. Questions and Instructions will be sent during March.

Hints.—This subject has been chosen in order to encourage the careful and accurate study of the text of the Gospels. There is too much reading about the Bible at the present time at the expense of reading the Bible itself. The first thing to be done is to read St. Matthew and St. Luke through (beginning at chapter iii. in each case) as continuous narratives. This should be done rapidly, without pausing to consider difficulties in order that they may be enjoyed as literature. Afterwards difficulties may be noted and the parallel passages compared. Attention may also be called to special features, like the frequent references to Jewish prophecy in Matthew and the emphasis on poverty in Luke. For example, it would be a good thing to make a list of the parables and find out how many are common to both Gospels. In the same way the miracles may be classified with a view to showing how many of them are works of healing. For this purpose no book is recommended, as it is much better that it should be done as the result of personal study. But in any case it will be desirable for the warden of the Guild to give some help and supervision. The examination will not be upon critical theories. Its aim will be to test intelligent study of the text and its meaning.

Six Prizes will be offered in each subject—of the value of £1, 15s., 10s., and three of 5s. respectively. The prizes will be given in books selected by the successful writers and approved by the Committee.

The following conditions must be observed:—

1. The essays must be written on one side of each page only.

2. Any assistance may be given in preparation, but the essay itself must be the sole work of the candidate and in his own handwriting, and should not exceed 4000 words in length nor contain less than 1500.

3. Each essay must have the writer's name, age and address, with the name of the Guild to which he belongs, inscribed on the back of the last page, and must also be certified by the secretary or president of the local Guild as the *bona fide* work of the sender.

4. Essays must be sent in to the Secretary of the Guilds' Union, Rev. John Ellis, Mansford Street, Bethnal Green, London, E., not later than *March 31st, 1904.*

Examiners in each subject will be appointed by the Committee, and the results will be declared at the Annual Meeting of the Guilds' Union.

It is recommended that, where possible, classes for the study of these subjects be conducted by some competent person It will be found helpful to supplement the suggested text books by oral instruction.

NOTE.—Only members of Guilds which belong to the Union are eligible for this competition. We shall be glad if non-affiliated Guilds will join us. This page may be made really interesting and very useful if Guild Secretaries will send communications early to Miss Tremain, 57, Cromwell Avenue, Highgate, London, N.—JOHN ELLIS, *Hon. Sec. N.C. Guilds' Union.*

LONDON GUILDS' UNION.—An interesting meeting of the members of the London Guilds' Union took place, by the invitation of the Mansford Street Guild, at Mansford Street Church, London, E., on Wednesday, October 7th. Representatives of most of the London Guilds were present, and the gathering was of a very enjoyable character. Coffee was served in the Church Parlour, and after half-an-hour's social talk and chat the party adjourned to the church, where the more formal part of the proceedings took place. All joined heartily in the Second Service of the Guild Manual, and listened with great appreciation to a gracefully-rendered solo by one of the ladies. Mr. Ellis then read the minutes of the Society, which recorded the fact that its formation was the outcome of suggestions made at an informal meeting of the London Guilds, held at Chingford, in July, 1902. The direction of the members was then turned to the subject of discussion, which was, "Why do not more people go to Church?" Papers were read by Miss Smallman, of Highgate, and Mr. Gordon Cooper, of Essex Church. The former, after quoting some figures, which showed that only a small percentage of the people of London were church-goers, or even occasional attendants at a place of worship, went on to suggest reasons for this discouraging state of things. Although, she said, she had a great respect for the man in the pulpit, it could not be denied that in some cases the preaching was such as did not appeal to the average man or woman. The teaching was sometimes in direct opposition to the most elementary facts of scientific knowledge, which was apt to make those of a critical turn of mind regard religious teaching as nonsense. This criticism would hardly apply to the teachings of Unitarianism. She also mentioned that lack of suitable clothes in which to come was sometimes a very potent reason with some of the poor Mr. Gordon Cooper said it was a subject which could be looked at from many points of view Of course every minister would choose to have a full church, and if any good were to come from discussions on this subject we must be practical. He pointed out the danger of attaching too much importance to numbers in the life of a church; we want people to come to church, but we also want them to come in the right spirit. We should also try to look at our services from the outsider's point of view. If the stranger who looks in at our church finds the service cheerful and stimulating, and likely to help him in his daily life, he will come again. Of course, the minister is chiefly responsible for this, but the congregation

had their part also. In the first place, he said, we want to interest people in the work of the church, and, as we stand quite apart from other churches in the matter of doctrine, we should make our views as widely known as possible He thought we might use the elder classes in our Sunday Schools for this purpose more generally than we did. And, finally, we should not neglect the social and recreative part of church work. In the discussion which followed speakers were limited to three minutes each. Mr Alfred Thompson, the Secretary of the Mansford Street Guild, after thanking the writers of the papers, said that he thought that what was wanted was not so much *more* Christians as *better* Christians. Mr. Furnival Jones, from Highgate, thought that the great cause of the masses of the people not responding to the call of the churches was the lack of a worshipful spirit among the people; and he said that this lack of a worshipful spirit was not to be wondered at, considering the conditions under which the poor lived. He thought that religionists should first turn their minds to remedying some of these evils, and engage in social work, and push sanitary reform, etc. Miss Barker, also from Highgate, endorsed the remarks of the previous speaker, and read an extract from the Ethical Society's pamphlet Mr Robert Shute, from the Stratford Guild, said that he thought that people who were interested in the services and work of their church were apt to overdo church-going. He thought three or four services on a Sunday was too much. Miss Annie Lawrence said that she thought religion was an essentially spiritual thing, and that, although decent and beautiful surroundings were certainly conducive to a religious life, yet religion could work such a change in the inner life of a person as to make them bear their troubles, whether of a material character, such as unfortunate conditions of life, or of a mental character, such as a great bereavement, with a cheerful and obedient spirit. The meeting then terminated with a few words from the President, Mr. Freeston, who expressed the opinion that the time had come when, if the people would not come to the churches, they must go to the people. It was felt by those present that if they had found no great remedy for the evil, and perhaps not even suggested anything new, the discussion had been fruitful in stimulating earnest thought on a subject which is so important to the life of our churches. The Secretary of the Union announced that the next meeting would take place at Stratford.

The Importance of the Person of Christ.*

The author of an essay on the "Person of Christ" in "Contentio Veritatis" remarks that those who cannot believe in the Deity of the historical Jesus are deserving of sympathy as possessing an austere and difficult religion. That is a good sign whether the sympathy is deserved or not. And the author goes some way towards justifying our position when he admits that his belief cannot be proved by external evidence.

It is not necessary to believe in the divinity of Jesus in order to be convinced that human history is not a hap-hazard affair, but that it is fulfilling an "increasing purpose," and that the three years or so of Christ's public life constituted the most important incident that has yet taken place in that fulfilment. To my mind the significant fact, whatever else is fancy, is that the personality of Jesus was so beautiful, so strong, exercised such an overwhelming influence on his followers and others who came within its range, that their reverence developed eventually into the conviction that he was God. What a nature that must have been so to impress his most intimate associates, and how different this result from that produced by some great men on those in closest touch with them! In so far as we depreciate the importance of the supernatural elements in the Gospels and deny their accuracy are we bound to admit the enhanced significance of the human character that gave occasion to this misguided wonder, this infatuated hero-worship. It was not on our hypothesis, as if Jesus had descended like Buddha from some high estate and voluntarily assumed a humble position to make his message more effective. He did not flatter the people's patriotism and appeal to their tiger instincts like Mahomet, nor did he live to accumulate wisdom, experience, and friends like Confucius. A young plebian provincial, with impracticable notions, who gained a certain small following, but after three years' preaching was executed to appease the rabble. That, perhaps, might have been something like the official account of him, and the official account is usually very lenient to great men. But, on the other hand, the unofficial accounts possess this significance, that there is in man, usually latent, an emotion that responds to the call of the hero and works wonders unaccountable under his influence. That to me is one of the great facts emphasised even by the strange distorted growth of Christian dogmas. It has been suggested by some writers that Christianity would have arisen even if Christ had never lived. The remark, no doubt, is meant to refer to some approximate equivalent of Christianity as a moral system. But I

* NOTE.—Part of a Paper read at Rosslyn Hill Religious Conference.

will venture to affirm that not even an approximate equivalent of Christianity would have existed without an approximate equivalent of Jesus himself. There are tides in the affairs of men. Jesus was born on such a tide. His nation still intact, with its prophet literature, its proud and formal religion; the Roman peace: Paul to carry his message through the Empire; the destruction of his nation shortly after his death. All that was a remarkable combination of affairs, but what would they have availed without the one man, born in the nick of time, whose message these things favoured?

An attempt is sometimes made to depreciate that message, because much, if not all of it, can be traced in utterances of earlier times, either in the literature of the Jews or of other peoples. Suppose some industrious person had codified these earlier utterances, would his labours have represented a working substitute for Christianity? Suppose Marcus Aurelius or Charlemagne had ordained the framing of a moral and religious code by the hundred wisest heads of their dominions. Would the result have been anything we could by courtesy term Christianity? The suggestion is absurd. Why? Not because two heads are not *pro tanto* better than one, but because Christianity is not a matter of any number of heads, but of one heart capable of stirring others and of acting like a spark to fuel. Christianity is not a code; it is embodied in one short life more wonderful as purely human than if assumed to have possessed supernatural elements of the divine. It was not the teaching of Jesus as such that enabled Christianity to live through the storms of ages, but his life. The power of Christianity is due to his authority, his courage, his indignation against selfishness and wickedness in high places, his love, his sympathy with the poor and wretched —in a word, his supreme humanity. It was this which made disciples, missionaries, and martyrs of a few common provincials, a few hempen homespuns from the Lake of Galilee, by firing them with the strongest forces of life —loyalty, reverence, and love. Christianity rested from the first, and always must rest, in the person of Jesus.

EDMUND F. GRUNDY.

Every day is Doomsday.

The Form of Public Worship.

(Continued.)

THE PREJUDICE AGAINST SENSUOUS ACCESSORIES.

18. Some there are who shrink from the use of such means in worship. The associations of sensuous pleasure, in their minds, are discordant with those of pure, spiritual emotion. They have inherited from Puritan ancestors, not indeed the Puritan hatred of man's carnal nature, but a mental habit begotten of that hatred, and illogically surviving the reason for its existence. As is usual in such cases, the habit attempts to justify itself by means of a set of more or less fallacious phrases. Its real strength, however, does not lie in these phrases, but in a confusion which it breeds between its own dictates and those of another frame of thought, very different and quite valid, which shall be considered in turn.—"We do not go to church to gratify the senses, but to worship God." This begs the question whether there is any necessary inconformity between spiritual emotion and sensuous pleasure. If we hold that these are in their nature opposed, let us candidly accept the consequences of that view. It may be presumed that worship is not possible to a man in an unconscious state; and the only other alternative to sensuous pleasure is sensuous pain. Instead of seats, let racks be provided, with thumb-screws and whips for the weaker brethren; let us choose our minister for his harsh voice and personal ugliness, fill our windows with square panes in crude, clashing colours, keep tubs of assafœtida in the church and a steam-syren in the sacristy.

19. No reader is at liberty to dismiss this suggestion as a mere absurdity, too fanciful to deserve attention. In the first place, the more absurd it is, so much the more unsound must be that prejudice of which it is the logical outcome. If it be preposterous to esteem pain as being in its own nature anywhere, at any time, holy and desirable, it must also be foolish to regard sensuous pleasure as necessarily unholy, an unclean intruder into the sanctuary. And, in the second place, there have been and are religious bodies which hold the hatred of pleasure in a clear form; not cloudily, as a half-avowed prejudice, but distinctly as a tenet; and apply it, not negatively and churlishly, but with heroic directness. Instead of

contenting themselves with starving the hunger for beauty in other souls, they court pain for themselves. For at least a thousand years in India holiness has been sought by countless devotees in the endurance of agony; and the taint of their practice, as well as of their theory, has at times (notably in the thirteenth century) affected the Christianity of Europe. Flagellation, which entered Paganism, like other orgiastic rites, from Asia Minor, and persisted into Christian times, has been adopted and regulated by the Catholic Church. The erection of sensuous pain into a principle in worship is not alien to human experience. If it be absurd, its absurdity is not that of the unheard-of, but that of the extremely mistaken; and this absurdity is shared by any theory, prejudice, or sentiment which, logically applied, would lead to such a result.

20. The ideal of "worship in a barn," which is still cherished by some very conservative souls, has been engendered as a rule by two elements. One is the sentiment which clings to the memory of some particular barn, or barn-like building, in which devotional joy and strength were gained in days gone by. The force of such an emotion, or plexus of emotions, can be invoked in ten-fold measure upon the other side. If the God-seeking spirit can be aided by bare walls and rafters, which have been but a shelter and trysting-place for prayerful men, how much more by the shapes and colours, the lights and glooms, the music and the silence, which the spirit of worship has formed around itself for its own body? Those speak in sacred tones only to such as have worshipped beneath them; but these have a message for every comer, "This is a house of prayer." The other element in the barn ideal is the dread lest pleasure should become the main object of church-goers, and spiritual religion be eclipsed by it. The fear is baseless. Who that was actuated by a desire for sensuous pleasure, pure and simple, would go to church for it? That can be obtained in an immeasurably greater degree in other places. Men desire sensuous accessories in worship because they find that these things, as a fact of real experience, help them in their realisation of God and of their own best nature. In this connection we can quote Browning's *Fra Lippo Lippi* with a specially loaded meaning:

If you get simple beauty and nought else,
You get about the best thing God invents.

We cannot regard beauty in public worship as something supererogatory: well enough in itself, but not to the matter. It is of the very heart of the matter. Whatsoever thing, innocent in itself, can be made to minister to our highest possibilities, it is our duty to use in such a ministry.

THE PRINCIPLE CONCEDED.

21. This point need not be laboured, since the principle has been already conceded in nearly all, if not all, our congregations. Beauty in architecture and music are generally, and sometimes successfully, cultivated. What argument is there which can be used to justify the use in public worship of an organ-voluntary, that does not apply in equal degree to the use even of incense, vestments, ornaments, and processions?

22. If it be said that there is a great danger of superstitious ideas growing up around these things, the reply is that the present-day dread of them is in itself superstitious, and has the further disadvantage of being a foe instead of a friend to beauty. Some fetishes are loved, others hated: the same fetish may be loved by one man, hated by another, and remain a fetish to both. But in so far as the menace of superstitious ideas attaching to beauty in worship touches a real danger, it must be remembered that there is no very good thing which is not liable to abuse. We ought to teach our congregations to use this good thing, and not to abuse it.

But here comes in another consideration, which has much greater weight. There are doubtless many among us whose power to worship, associated as it is with a more homely form, would be offended and diminished by a sudden enrichment of the theatre of prayer. For the sake of these we must proceed with scrupulous and most considerate caution. Indeed, for our own sake,—for the sake of the ultimate attainment of the best result,—it would be best to pursue at first the way of self-education, rather than of experimental innovation. Here shall be no detailed consideration of our opportunities to beautify the form of worship, for such an enterprise, if tempting, is full of peril. But those who have followed this paper with sympathy and assent will be prepared for the emphatic assertion that beauty in worship is neither an evil thing nor a thing indifferent, but a good thing, with a high and holy function, which nothing else can discharge.

EDWARD LUMMIS.

To be Continued.

News from the Field.

The calls to and movements of ministers are always of interest. The *Rev. W. Whitaker, B.A.*, of *Leicester*, has received and accepted a call to *Cardiff;* the *Rev. Collins Odgers, B.A.*, of *Bury*, has been invited to *Southport;* the *Rev. A. A. Charlesworth*, of *Birmingham*, has been asked to *Pendleton;* and the *Rev. E. S. Hicks, M.A.*, of *Bolton*, has received and accepted a call to *Unity Church, Islington*. Our good wishes are with all the above —both with those who have accepted and those who are considering calls.

Birmingham, Newhall Hill, and the *Midland Christian Union* will suffer a great loss in the removal of the *Rev. A. A. Charlesworth*, whose character and ability have won for him a high place in the esteem of all who are privileged to know him.

We record, with pleasure, the opening of two new chapels during the past month—one at *Selby*, in *Yorkshire*, and one at *Child's Hill*, in *London*. We should like to make a similar record more frequently.

Bazaars have been held at various places, and with general success. At *Dromore, Co. Down*, a substantial amount was raised—several hundreds of pounds; at *Collumpton* a sum of £90, at *Wolverhampton* a sum of £50, and at *Shrewsbury* nearly £150. These amounts will encourage the workers to go on until they have accomplished all they wish.

The season of the year has been marked, as usual, by harvest thanksgiving services in many of our churches. We cannot chronicle them all, but are glad to note how cheerful and animated all the proceedings have been.

A munificent bequest appears to have been made by the late *P. P. Brocklehurst, Esq.*, of *Macclesfield*, to the funds of our church in that town towards the augmentation of the stipend of the minister. We hope the amount is as large as is reported, but we give no details, awaiting confirmation of the same.

A splendid piece of appreciation of the services of the *Rev. L. P. Jacks, M.A.*, has been shown by the members of the *Church of the Messiah* in *Birmingham*. In taking leave of him, on his entrance upon his work at *Oxford*, an illuminated address, a Bible, a silver tea and coffee service for *Mrs. Jacks*, and a cheque for £1050 were presented, and many cordial and affectionate words of goodwill were spoken. He leaves a good record behind him, and enters upon an arduous task amid general goodwill.

We are glad to see that the *Manchester Association* is continuing its visits to the churches. Already, now that the summer has ended, they have visited the churches at *Middleton* and at *Moss Side*, and, in each case, with very pleasing results. These visits draw the bonds of spiritual brotherhood closer, and give new inspiration for higher work.

The *Colleges* are beginning their winter sessions. *Mr. Manning* gave the opening address at the *Home Missionary College*, and *Mr. Jacks*, as the newest of the professorial staff, leads off at *Oxford*.

The *Northumberland and Durham Association* have been celebrating their anniversary at *Newcastle-on-Tyne*, and were cheered by the presence and services of the *Rev. W. Copeland Bowie*. The reports from the *Tees-side* district were cheering, showing good work attempted and done. The changes in the more northerly part of the Association will, we hope, lead to good results. *Gateshead* is to have its new minister, and we hope soon to hear of a good man being placed over the work at *Darlington* and *Barnard Castle*.

The *British and Foreign Association* are bending their energies upon a home campaign in various parts of the country, and making a brave effort to stir up life in many widely-scattered districts. They must not look for sudden harvests, but they may confidently believe that good seed well sown will find good soil somewhere and yield some blessed fruits.

They are boldly venturing upon sending a good man away, for seven or eight months, to visit our churches in *Australia* and *New Zealand*. *Mr. Hargrove* has many qualifications which fit him for a mission like this, and he is showing great zeal and devotion in undertaking such a task. The congregation at *Leeds* are giving, like their minister, a great proof of their willingness to help on the good cause.

Unity Church, Bolton, has lost no time in putting up a memorial to *Mr. Frank Taylor*, who was a great supporter of the church, and a friend of every member of it, as well as one of our most useful and honoured laymen.

Our *American* brethren have been celebrating their anniversaries. There was a cheerful spirit in all their meetings, and a lofty tone in all the utterances of the speakers. We and they, though divided by great waters, march side by side, and strive for the same results. We encourage and help one another. Whether our friend, the Editor of this Magazine, was present at any of the gatherings, we do not know, but we are sure to hear from him something about them. *Dr.* and *Mrs. Crooker* are back at their duties, and write very happily about their visit to this country.

Men of mark more or less closely connected with our churches have passed away from us. Death has claimed men whom we could willingly have kept. *Lieut.-Colonel Turner*, of *Stockport; Samuel Riddel*, of *Belfast;* and *A. C. Osler*, of *Birmingham*, are no longer among us. In their various ways—and notably *A. C. Osler*—they have been workers for good, and have left a noble record.

But we go forward. Great work is to be done. Sacrifices are needed. God will be with all well-doers.

SCRUTATOR.

October 15th, 1903.